

The Unwanted Daughter's Alpha King

#My Son 11 - Read The Unwanted Daughter's Alpha King My Son 11

Chapter 11

I woke up when the door creaked open. I reached out, but the other side of the bed was empty causing disappointment to flood through me.

“Oh, sorry.” I heard Alana’s squeal. I opened my eyes to her backpedaling, but I put my hand up to stop her and waved her in.

“I didn’t realize you were still sleeping since the Alpha King left so early this morning.” She explained.

I gave her an it’s okay sign and moved to sit up, wrapping the blanket around me as I did. She came further into the room, a breakfast tray in hand. This time though, it had only a

couple of new things that I had never eaten, and more of the things I ate the most of yesterday.

I gave her a small smile and took the tray. I couldn’t believe someone would have noticed

what I liked and didn’t like. It was so weird to be noticed like that.

“So, the Alpha King said he would be gone all day, and we were free to spend the day however you like. Is there anything special you’d like to do?” She asked with excitement in her voice.

I shrugged. Was there anything I would like to do? I thought about it as my eyes fell on the chalkboard, the Alpha King kept insisting I use. My picture of the bird was still on it.

What could I do to at least give myself the illusion of freedom. I would feel more confident if I knew my way around the house better. I grabbed my chalkboard between bites and drew a picture of a flower, hoping she’d understand.

She squinted at it before smiling in understanding.

“The garden?” She asked to make sure she was right. “You want to explore the garden?”

I nodded eagerly. I didn’t realize how much I wanted to until right now. Especially because I

loved flowers. I always had. I grabbed the chalkboard back and started to draw again. I added a + and a picture of a house.

“And the house?”

I nodded a little less enthusiastically, but still ready for a day that was completely my

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own.

Alana was also enthusiastic. I didn’t know if it was true, but she looked to be a little younger than I was, but I also knew my experience around others wasn’t very good, so my perception of everything seemed to be off.

Alana helped me pick a sundress that she said would, “bring out my eyes.” And she combed my hair for me, which was really nice, so I didn’t have to pull at my still very open wounds. I appreciated her and her kindness. I knew I was her job, but it was still

kind.

I enjoyed the garden for a lot of the afternoon. There were lots of spots that I thought were pretty magical. I could imagine coming out here to draw and paint, and just exist

happily.

We spent almost the whole day outside in the sun. It was the longest I could ever remember being out in the sunshine. It was getting dark by the time I finally allowed us to go inside to explore the house. Alana chatted away, not caring that I didn’t talk back, and sometimes she’d ask me questions, and I’d draw it out or write in simple words to answer her questions.

The house was beautiful. She showed me the kitchen where there were about 5 servants cooking dinner. I hadn’t really noticed that I missed lunch until Alana said, “It smells so good, I’m starving!”

She grabbed a snack, one for her and one for me, and we continued on our way. I saw the dining area, the family area, and the game room. She also stated that there was an

indoor pool on this floor as well, but it was closed right now, so we couldn't go see it. There were only like 6 bathrooms on the first floor alone. Then we walked up to the second floor. This was where a lot of the people who worked here lived. Alana showed me her room. She had a hot pink accent wall, and posters of all different bands hanging everywhere. I couldn't help but find a little bit of joy in it.

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We made our way up to the third floor. This was where a lot of unmated pack members chose to live. Alana said that this floor gave off, "frat boy" vibes. She said they always had music playing, and they tended to take the party wherever they went. The 4th floor was where the Beta and Gamma lived. They had it separated into two separate living spaces, so we couldn't go in, which I was okay with. I was really starting to tire out a bit.

The next floor required a password that Alana happened to know. She said if it wasn't for me, she wouldn't be allowed up here. Half of it was a bunch of offices for the Alpha King and his leadership team. There were multiple meeting rooms, and they even had a mini kitchen filled with snacks.

The final floor was the floor the alpha family lived on. It required another password to access. I had learned from Dr. Sonnett, that their parents had died fairly young, but all

three brothers still lived there, even if I hadn't met the other brother yet.

Somehow, I had gotten a room on the Alpha floor. I was a little unsettled by this, but it also felt reassuring to know that there was so much security, and that I was so close to

the Alpha King.

"Do you want to go to dinner now?" Alana asked, once we were finished with our tour.

I shook my head, no. I was ready to go just lay down now.

"Do you want me to stay with you?"

I again, just shook my head. I didn't want her to miss dinner on my account when I wasn't

hungry.

"Okay, well then have a good night, Gracie." She smiled at me, and I tried to return it.

When the door closed behind her, I stood there for a moment, taking in the large family room and kitchen. It was all decorated exactly how you would imagine a mansion to be decorated. It was stunning but in a very prestigious way. It was all a lot to take in.

"Hello." A voice pulled me out of my head as I started to my room.

I turned and did a double take. The man looked nearly identical to the Alpha King. His hair was a little shorter, and he wore glasses, but the family resemblance was uncanny.

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"I assume you are my brother's new bride, Grace, yes?"

I nodded hesitantly.

"I'm Caleb, his twin. I have heard sooo much about you."

There was something in his voice that made me uncomfortable. I didn't want to be talking

to him anymore, so I turned to leave. He grabbed my arm, spinning me around back toward him.

"What's the rush?" He asked, and I recognized that look in his eye. It was the same that Adrian had most of the time. The one a lot of men in my old pack had when they saw me.

"Let go." A voice from behind me said dangerously.

I breathed a sigh of relief as he let go, and I scurried behind the Alpha King.

"Touch her again, and your hand will be severed from your body." The Alpha King threatened.

"Relax, brother," Caleb smiled mischievously. "I was only welcoming your new bride. We are going to be family after all."

He then winked at me, and I stifled a surprise gasp. My stomach twisted; I hated the way he was looking at me. The way he was eyeing me like I was something he could win. Like I was a prize or a piece of meat. It made me feel sick. I could also feel the tension radiating off the Alpha King. He was barely containing his fury, but whether it was at me or his

brother I wasn't sure.

"Keep your hands to yourself, Caleb. We will not be sharing, and I will not be so kind that time." There was a threat in his voice that surprised me. I wouldn't have expected

them to be on bad terms, but the way The Alpha King spoke to his brother made me think something had happened between them over a girl before. Maybe one of those many women Dr. Sonnett had been telling me about.

“Grace, let’s go.” His hard demanding tone drew me out of my thoughts immediately.

I let the Alpha King pull me away into a room that wasn’t the room I had been going to, but his words from last night rang back through my head. We would be sharing a room from now on, and I had no idea what to expect from that.

Chapter 13

The room was bigger than I expected. There was a sitting area, and a mini kitchen, and on the other side of everything, his huge bed sat. I wasn’t sure if red was his favorite color or just the color he chose for his room, but there was a lot of red... Everywhere.

I stood nervously as he opened the door to his room back up and called in a servant by the name of Eloise. She was an older woman, but she had a kind face, at least I hoped she

was kind.

“You called, my King?” She asked politely.

“Yes. Run Grace a bath, please.”

She nodded, and immediately moved toward what I assumed to be the bathroom. I

couldn’t help but feel panicked inside. Did he want to bath with me? Was I ready for that?

“I will go to the other bathing chamber down the hall. When she’s done, come and draw mine up please.”

Eloise nodded again, and didn’t say another word. She filled the bath with all sorts of things that I didn’t know, and she laid out my pajamas for after. They looked new. They were red and silky.

I didn’t start to undress until I heard the door shut behind her. I was very much looking forward to this bath. I felt filthy from being out in the garden all day, but really I just loved being able to feel clean. After a good portion of my life not being able to bathe

regularly, I was excited to have this opportunity.

The water felt like heaven. I would have given anything to not move from it ever again. I laid my head back and enjoyed the feeling.

“Grace?”

I startled at the voice, forcing myself to look around to figure out where I was.

“Grace, tap twice if you’re okay in there.”

I quickly tapped, realizing I had fallen asleep in the bath, and that the Alpha King was back already. I wondered how long I had been asleep, and I wondered if he would be mad I

took so long.

I quickly washed up in the cool water and got out. I dried my hair with a towel, put on my new pajamas and walked out to the bedroom.

The Alpha King was sitting on the bed surrounded by papers, looking incredibly attractive. His hair was still wet, and his robe sat loosely on his shoulders, revealing his bare chest. I couldn’t help but be in awe of what I was seeing.

It looked like he left me space on the bed, but I hesitated. Was this really what he wanted? A wolfless, traitor girl?

He noticed my hesitancy and gestured for me to come to bed. I walked slowly over, but when I got to the bed, I froze, partially hoping he’d change his mind. Instead though, he just smirked. He looked amused at my hesitation, but I didn’t know what there was to be amused by. Then suddenly his arms were around my waist, and he was pulling me into the bed gently.

I laid down uneasily and tossed and turned for a few minute before turning back to him.

He was still very engaged to his papers, and I wondered what it was that he was possibly

working on.

The longer I laid there, the more I thought about the girls before me. Had they slept in this bed too? Had he rescued them the way he had me? When did he turn on them, and

would it be the same for me?

Before I could lose my courage, I grabbed my chalkboard and started thinking about how

to ask. I quickly drew a picture of a girl, then an arrow and then another girl with an X

through her. I could see Alpha King Rhys staring over my shoulder as I drew once he heard the chalk against the board, but he waited till I was done before saying anything.

His brows furrowed as he looked on, and I fidgeted with my hands nervously.

“Are you asking about the girls before you?” He said after what seemed like an eternity. I

nodded, still feeling hesitant about asking.

“So you’ve heard all the rumors then?” He asked,

I nodded again, not looking up from my hands.

“Gracie, you know I won’t hurt you, right?” He lifted my chin, so I was looking at him.

I didn’t know how to answer that. Did I believe he wouldn’t hurt me? I wanted to... But wanting to and doing are two different things. And he had a history....

“Every girl before you, Grace, didn’t deserve to be by my side. They all just wanted me for

the power. Each and every one of them either betrayed me, or wanted my status or my wealth. None of them wanted me for me. And I deserve to be wanted for me. I never loved

any of them.”

I looked away, unsure of what to make of that. Did that answer my question? Kind of. But

how does one even betray the Alpha King?

“Grace,” He brought my attention back to him. “Can I tell you something really important?”

I nodded, and my stomach started to do little backflips.

“Me and my wolf think you might be our true mate... The way you make me feel... Well I’ve never felt anything like it. It’s like I want to burn the world down for you. I think I would do anything you ever asked of me. We can’t be sure because you don’t have a wolf, but Grace, you make me feel like no one else has ever made me feel before.”

My cheeks flushed at his words, and my insides felt like they were burning alive. What could a girl possibly say back to that?

He leaned in, pulling me against his chest. I trembled nervously, but I also felt safe. My heart raced, but maybe this time it was in a good way.

Just as quickly as I had felt safe, I didn’t. My head began to scream at me, the pain nearly unbearable. I was going to be sick as my vision went in and out.

Chapter Comments

Chapter 14

One moment I was about to kiss Grace, the next, she was wrenching herself off of me and off the bed. She stumbled to her feet, one hand clutching her head, the other, reaching for the bedpost for stability.

I launched myself off the bed as her face turned a sickening shade of white, and I all but dove to catch her as her strength seemed to fail her. Her eyes fluttered as I lifted her into my arms before they closed completely.

“Grace?” I begged her to open her eyes. “Grace, I’m here, it’s okay.”

“HELP!” I bellowed. “I need a doctor!!”

Her lifeless body didn’t even flinch when I yelled. Grace was scared of everything, I would have scared her if she was conscious. But she wasn’t conscious. I had just gotten her. I couldn’t lose her. Not now. Not after I had saved her.

Several servant rushed in, and they looked around helplessly. I could hear someone mindlinking the doctor to hurry, but there was no time. Her breathing was shallow, coming out in just short little breaths.

“Grace.” I cried as I raced down the 5 flights of stairs, and out the door, ignoring the stares of several people who were still up in the house. “Grace, please. I just got you. You

can’t leave me.”

I burst through the hospital doors, and my brother looked up in surprise. "Sawyer," I cried out, my voice breaking. "Help."

Sawyer wasted no time. He jumped right into action. He grabbed the door to an exam room, and I rushed through it.

I laid her on the table as gently as I could. She hated laying on her back due to her injuries, but there was no other choice right now.

Sawyer grabbed his stethoscope and immediately began his work up of her unresponsive body. I stayed as close as I could to her as he assessed the situation. Sawyer then grabbed a shot, and I held her hand as he injected it.

I didn't get a chance to ask what it was for or what it would do before she woke up

screaming. It was the most gut-wrenching sound in the whole world, I wanted to scream right along with her. She thrashed around, her hands gripping at her head so tightly, her knuckles were turning white.

"Sawyer?" I called out desperate for it to start.

Sawyer's normally very controlled expression masked something of true horror before he grabbed something completely different.

"You need to hold her still for me, Rhys. As still as you can so she doesn't hurt herself more."

"Why what are you going to do?" I asked, still trying to soothe her.

"I'll explain after. This is going to be very painful for her."

"She's already in pain!" I shouted at him angrily.

"Do it, Rhys, now."

I hated that I followed his order. Hated that I held her down like that. The way the people who had all but destroyed her life probably had countless times. And my heart was going

to beat out of my chest as she started to let out hoarse, broken sounding screams, her body fighting against me blindly.

“Sawyer!” I shouted angrily, But he didn’t answer. He was focused on holding his hand as steady as he could as he injected her with some unknown substance.

“Shhhh.” I tried to soothe, but my voice didn’t sound real to me, and I knew it was falling on deaf ears, but I tried anyways. “It will be over soon.”

It felt like a million years before Sawyer pulled the syringe from her side, and it was at least another minute before she started slowly stop fighting me. Her screams stopped, and

she once again went limp.

“What did you do to her?” I felt numb as I let her go. I hated how helpless she looked. How helpless I felt.

“We should take this to another room.” Sawyer tried, looking uneasy.

I gestured for him to lead the way. My wolf didn’t wat to leave her, but I knew she was fine if Sawyer was willing to walk away.

He led the way to his office a few doors away, and he sat at his desk, and I plopped down

into the chair on the side.

“What do you really know about her, Rhys? Because from where I’m standing, you know nothing about her.” He said after a long moment.

My frown deepened. What did he mean by that? Of course, I barely knew her, I had only found her like 2 days ago, and she didn’t speak. Not one word even in all of that. She didn’t say one word.

“Your point?”

“Is she like the others?” Sawyer asks bluntly.

“No. I think she might be my true mate, but she’s wolfless so I’ll never know.“.

“I think this was a mate thing, Rhys...”

“But I haven’t marked her yet.” I answered dumbly.

“No.” Sawyer said seriously. “I mean, I think she has been marked by someone else, and

this was their doing. Her mark isn’t visible, but the amount of bruising and scars on her body makes it hard to see anything.”

“You think she’s mated to someone else?” My stomach turned. The thought didn’t sit well with me.

“Based on everything her exams have shown, I would guess it wasn’t a consensual mark

and mated situation... But this was almost definitely a side-effect of a mark... I’m sorry.”

My hand fisted at my side and then punched the nearest wall in frustration. Everything felt like it was crashing around me. There was little to do but wait now till she woke up and could tell us whatever painful answers we needed. And we would go from there. But there was one thing for certain, whoever was responsible for her pain, for every mark on her innocent body, to whoever saw and didn’t stop it, they would not get out of it alive. I was the Alpha King for a reason. I prided myself on being ruthless, and I was going to show them all just how ruthless I was, starting with her sister Kinsley, and her brother-in-law, Adrian.

Chapter 15

I woke up slowly. My brain didn’t seem like it wanted to work right now. I could hear a steady beeping, but I couldn’t make my eyes open. I took a steadying breath and tried not to panic. Had I been drugged? That didn’t make a ton of sense since I was almost definitely in a comfy bed. I remembered I had been with the Alpha King, but it all felt fuzzy.

I wondered if the Alpha King was still with me, and that was enough of a thought to force my eyes open. I scanned the room. It was white with white cabinets, and what looked like medical supplies everywhere. Crap. Was I in the hospital?

My breath caught when I saw him. His dark brown hair looked as though he had worn a path through it by running his hand through it so many times. His eyes held shadows, and

his expression was grim.

I frowned, my panic growing a little. I had troubled him. I was the cause of that serious expression on his face.

I grabbed his sleeve. I wanted to apologize for all the trouble I had caused but I had no idea where to even start. I didn't know what had happened that had even caused me to be here.

Rhys looked at me for the first time since I had woken up, and removed my hand from his sleeve, looking irritated.

"Don't touch me right now," The Alpha King snapped.

I pulled back into myself. What did I do that made him so angry?

"That headache you had was a direct result of you having intimate relations with someone who didn't mark you."

I looked at him in confusion. I didn't know that you couldn't kiss or be sexual without a mate, that didn't make sense for what was happening back in my old pack. And wouldn't that be something that the Alpha King knew? I mean, did he also get a headache like I did?

"How could you not have told me that you were marked by your mate when I was going on about how you would be my bride, and I was thinking that you might be my mate?"

I frowned in surprise. What was he talking about? Marked by mate? I didn't have a mate...

Suddenly I was back in that dungeon cell that I had lived in for so long. I was feeling off that day and was laying in my cot. I was never truly given the day off, but after a lot of mistakes, Kathy, the head **of** servants had taken pity on me and sent me to lay down for a

while.

I heard the door to the dungeon steps open, but I didn't have the energy to care about who was coming down. I never saw the man's face, but I wished I would have hid or done

literally anything.

I still remember the gravelly sound of his voice that day as he told me how long he had waited for this opportunity. How I was a hard woman to catch alone. He complained that I was always busy, even though my workload was well within his control. And then he

got closer. I hated the way his fingers trailed my body, and how his mouth eventually found

mine. It didn't matter how many times I pushed him away, he wouldn't stop. It never went further because I had managed to get out from under him and run. I slept in the

forest for 3 days after that, and I tried never to be alone with any male ever again, but it

didn't stop the males in my pack from trying... I wondered if it was during one of

those moments that he had managed to mark me... How could he? How could he have

taken away my choice?

Chapter Comments

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what an ass. his brother told him it was probably not consensual

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Chapter 16

My stomach sunk. I was not what the Alpha King wanted anymore. I was ruined. He wouldn't want me anymore. I tried to take a steadying breath, but it came out shaky. There was no point in telling the Alpha what I sort of remembered. I knew it was my fault that I had not been strong enough to fight him.

The anger on Alpha King Rhys' face was palpable. Oh god...What if he sent me back to them? Would I even survive going back to that place? Just kill me now if that's the case...

I can't. I can't go back.

"I will be looking further into this matter, Grace." He said, his voice scary dark.

I couldn't help it, my body started shaking. I knew it was all too good to be true. He was going to send me back when he figured out exactly who it is I belonged to because it wasn't him.

He looked at me for the first time since dropping all of this information, and his face softened just a little.

"No matter what I find out Grace," He leaned over me, lifting my chin so my eyes met his. "You will not be going back there. I will not allow them to harm another hair on your head. I know that all that has happened to you is not your fault."

I breathed a sigh of relief and nodded against his hand. I could feel my body connect with my head again, and I realized how much pain I was in.

"Now that you are awake and aware of what's going on, let's go back to your room. Can you walk?"

Despite the pain, I nodded. I could be tough, I would find a way to be useful, so he couldn't get rid of me if he finds something he doesn't like.

I knew my old wounds had reopened when I stood up, and I felt the usual painful stretch of lingering injuries. I had worked through these many times before, but it usually took some time for me to block the pain from my brain.

We moved slowly as I tried to gather my bearings, but it was harder than I remembered. I had had worse injuries countless times, but this time, I could barely function.

"This is ridiculous," Alpha King Rhys said after a few minutes before I was swept off my feet and in his arms.

He didn't say another word the whole way back, and when we got to my room, he sat me on the bed. As soon as I was out of his arms, he was on the phone with who I guessed was his Beta and Gamma. He paced the room for a few minutes before hanging up.

"I have matters to attend to Grace. Get some rest." He said as soon as he hung up, and before I could even try and stop him, he was gone.

I looked around from my spot on the bed. I felt really small. I didn't want to be alone at all, but who would I go to? I thought about going to find Alana, but I talked myself out of it. She probably had only hung out with me because it was her job. I let out a sob. Even in all my time in my old pack when I was completely isolated, I had never felt this alone. Another sob escaped my lips, and the tears wouldn't stop.

Between the pain and the loneliness, I couldn't seem to function. I was mated to someone who wasn't the Alpha King. I had been unconscious because of it. I had pain because of it. I didn't even know who I was anymore. I was nothing. I was used. And I cried myself right

into an uneasy sleep.

Chapter Comments

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The Unwanted Daughter's Alpha King

Chapter 17

I shifted uncomfortably in the bed. I hated how much pain my body was in. I was used to the pain, but without the constant affliction of it, it somehow felt worse than before. Perhaps it was because for once my body was actually healing. But I hated it. I knew I had done more damage somehow when I got that really bad headache, but I couldn't really remember what had happened, all I remembered was the pain.

I rolled over and climbed out of bed, stretching what I could of my body as I attempted to move to the chair in the corner. I thought maybe a change of position would allow me to be a little more comfortable.

I was about halfway to the chair when the door opened, and in waltzed Rhys. Our eyes met across the room, and suddenly he was next to me, sweeping me off my feet and into his arms. I looked at him in surprise and saw something I didn't expect: Desire.

He laid me gently back on the bed, and the pain I had been feeling fell away. And before I had the chance to process anything, his hands were everywhere. The light touch of his finger tips up my sides sent chills through me. For the first time in my life, I wanted

more.

"How are you feeling?" He asked, his voice husky with something I didn't quite recognize..

I gave him a small smile. With him, I was okay, and that thought scared me a little.

He tenderly touched my face, and then made his way slowly down my body. He traced every visible scar, and nothing seemed to scare him the way I always thought they would scare any man. I had been told I was ugly enough times to believe nobody would want my

tortured body. But this was different than I ever thought it would be.

His lips found mine, and I found myself kissing him back despite my limited experience.

His lips then trailed slowly down my neck, as his hands ran up and down my sides with a light touch that made me feel as though I was on fire.

His hand shifted lower, surprising me a little as he slowly began to rub my clit in little circles. I gasped. I didn't know how I was supposed to feel about this. It felt so different than anything I had ever felt before and a moan escaped my lips. Shame flooded my senses, but I also felt a strange sense of comfort and anticipation.

I heard a door shut, and I sat up immediately with a gasp. No one was touching me. I was alone in my bed, but the Alpha King Rhys was standing at the edge of the bed now with

an unreadable expression.

I pulled the blanket up as waves of embarrassment crashed through me. Shame also flashed through me as I realized it was all a dream. How could I have possibly been thinking of the Alpha King like that? Did he know?

I tried to act as normal as I could, but his expression remained unreadable as took off his

shoes.

“Did you sleep well?” He asked after a long moment. “I didn’t mean to wake you.”

I nodded, forcing my expression to remain neutral, but a part of me was sure that he knew what had just happened.

I grabbed my whiteboard and began to draw and write what I could in an attempt to distract myself and him from the mortifying dream he had just walked in on. I thought for a moment, before settling on a question mark and the word go, hoping he would know

what I meant.

He looked surprised at my initiation, but he took the chalkboard from me without

hesitation.

“Where did I go?” He asked to make sure he understood.

I nodded, giving him the confirmation he needed.

“I went to investigate other effects of your marking.” He answered simply as he climbed onto the other side of the bed.

I frowned, wondering what he found. I remembered he said my pack disappeared after he had taken me away from them and I wondered if it had anything to do with my mark that I had no idea I had. I grabbed the chalkboard back from him and began drawing out my thoughts. I knew I couldn’t spell what I was trying to say, so my best bet was a series of

pictures.

I drew myself with an x on my neck and then some trees and some stick figures hiding among them, and a line splitting me and them. But an arrow from them crossed the line.

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I handed it to him nervously, and hoped he would understand what I meant.

He stared at my drawing for a long moment, and I did my best not to fidget. He stared at it for so long I was sure he had no idea what I was talking about. I looked away in embarrassment before he finally spoke.

“You’re asking if they can cross into my territory unnoticed due to your mark? And by they, you mean the person who marked and your old pack?”

I nodded, and he looked impressed with my line of thought.

“Thankfully, no. That is not a possibility at this time.”

I quickly added to my previous drawing a question mark and wrote the word king, before finally adding an arrow from the king to my mark.

“What if I mark you?” He asked, looking up at me over the board, giving me an indiscernible look.

I nodded hesitantly. What if he didn’t want to mark me anymore? What if he didn’t want me at all anymore? What would I do then? He keeps saying he won’t send me back, but if I’m not a suitable bride, then I had no idea what that would mean for me.

“Not unless you became my official Luna would it matter.” He answered, his voice softer than it had been. “But I cannot mark you while you bear another’s mark, it could be fatal for you, and I won’t risk you.”

My heart fluttered at his comment. I wasn’t exactly sure what he meant by that but the way he said it, had me feeling some sort of way. He was quickly becoming something safe to me, and I didn’t have a clue how I was supposed to feel about it. I did know though that pride filled me, and I would do almost anything to bring that impressed look back to

his face.

Chapter 18

I looked at Grace in awe. I hadn’t expected her to be thinking about the effects of her mark the way I had been. I also hadn’t expected her to find a way to ask her questions without being able to speak or write. I was surprised by her ability to communicate with me, and whenever she was the one to initiate the conversation, it always caused a feeling that I couldn’t describe. I would love if she would just talk to me, but I would try and find

ways to make communication easier for her. Maybe Alana could help teach her more words so she could read and write more effectively. If she was ever to be my Luna, she would need to know how to do those things.

I laid next to her, but didn't touch her. I just soaked in her presence. I couldn't believe she was worried about how her being marked might affect my rule. She was nothing like

the other woman who I had brought home before. She had a sharpness and intelligence that I hadn't expected.

I lost myself in my thoughts as I laid there. Sawyer had said while she was unconscious that she had signs that she did have a wolf. That had surprised me more than anything.

She didn't look like she had a wolf. She was so small and frail. But Sawyer was sure of it.

He said that her wolf had definitely been bound at least once, but probably more likely had been bound twice. The idea of Grace's wolf having been bound twice made me a little nauseous, but it did sort of make sense. To be bound at all, usually meant that someone was afraid of her power. Luna Kinsley had said that she was her sister, but why would Grace have those powers, and not Kinsley? Why bound one daughter and not the other? If they were afraid of her power and lineage then it made some sense of how she was treated, why they had abused her. It didn't make it right, but it did sort of connect some of the dots. They must have feared her potential. And based on what I had seen, Luna Kinsley had everything to fear from her sister because Grace was a thousand times better

than her.

"Grace?"

She looked up at me with those big eyes of hers, and I fought my wolf not to get lost in them. He was obsessed with her gentle eyes.

"I will do everything I can to get to the bottom of this. I won't leave any stone unturned in my investigation. I will have. We will uncover whatever is going on here. You don't have to worry about a thing."

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She blinked at me in surprise but didn't so much as show as flash a smile or respond in anyway. I could see the worry in her eyes that I wasn't sure I could ease no matter what I said. Her old pack had really done a number on her, and I wasn't sure if I would ever be able to get her out of her head the way I wanted to.

My phone started ringing, pulling us out of whatever moment we were having.

"This is Alpha King Rhys," I answered, removing myself from the bed, despite how comfortable I had just been.

"The witch, Sandra, you requested has arrived at the agreed upon diner just outside our border," Leon's deep voice came through the phone.

"Is the location secure?"

"Yes sir," Leon responded gruffly.

"Copy." I replied. "On my way."

I hung up the phone and looked at Grace who was trying not to appear as though she was

eavesdropping.

"I have to go," I told her as I put my shoes back on. "But you keep resting, and I'll be back.

later."

She frowned but nodded. She almost looked a little lonely, and my heart twinged at that thought, but I didn't really know how to fix it since she really didn't communicate much.

As soon as I closed the bedroom door, and immediately spotted Sawyer standing at the counter in the kitchen area. Sometimes I regretted still sharing this floor with my brothers, but I was also grateful that Sawyer was always close by.

"You ready?" He asked as he looked up from his phone and saw me approaching.

"Yea." I answered, pushing my nerves away. There was no room for them in this very important meeting. I put my mask up and my feelings were gone.

We walked in silence till we got to my car, but as soon as the car door closed, Sawyer started running his mouth.

"Are you sure this is a good idea? I mean, this is risky as hell. We have no idea if Sandra

has any idea about bounding and unbounding wolves."

"We've used Sandra before," I pointed out.

"And it costs more than it was worth." Sawyer grumbled. "You used an unreasonable amount of resources to find her, and you don't even know if she can help. Don't you think this is going a little overboard?"

"Grace deserves to have her wolf free." I responded gruffly.

“You must really like her to go through all this trouble.”

“I’m done with this conversation, Sawyer. I don’t want to talk about Grace.”

“Then let’s talk about what this is going to cost us. You know Sandra is nuts. And for what? I don’t think she will be willing to help us.”

“The cost is irrelevant. I will pay whatever she asks. But she will not be leaving without giving us some answers. One way or the other, we will be leaving here today with the information we need.” I growled.

Sawyer didn’t respond to that. We just let an uneasy silence fall over us as we drove and stared out the window. But I had to admit, I was having the same thoughts as him, but it

didn’t matter. Grace deserved to have someone try for her. So, if Sandra could help, even

point us in the right direction, then I was going to do whatever it took to help Grace. And if she couldn’t help, then I would find someone who could. But if anyone could, it was

Sandra, so I was hoping that I was putting my money where my mouth was.

Chapter Comments

Chapter 19

I scanned the small diner, but I did not see Sandra. In fact, the whole damn place was empty, **except** for a small girl in the back corner booth. She had pale blonde hair and looked to only be about 12 or 13. I was mind boggled. I had never seen Sandra despite working with her on several occasions, but a small child didn’t fit the reputation she had created. I had fully been expecting a lady with greying hair and lots of wrinkles. Maybe someone with flowy robes and a whimsical personality, but the small girl looked serious, and she wore a simple jumper, making me think I was juked.

“Who are you?” I demanded as I approached the table.

“Who do you want me to be?” The girl answered, doing what nearly no one ever dare to: she looked me in the eyes.

“I asked for Sandra to meet me here.”

“I know.”

“Then where is she?” I asked frustratedly.

“You do not believe I am her?” She looked at me quizzically.

“What are you doing here?”

“I heard you have a problem, and it interests me.”

“You’re 12.” I said in disbelief.

“I have complete control over my appearance.” The small girl replied. “I am how I am for a

reason.”

“Is it to make me **feel** crazy and uncomfortable?”

“No.” She answered simply. “That is just an added benefit. You requested me. Now, did I come all this way to waste time talking about my appearance or do you have an actual problem for me to solve?”

I glared at her as I slid into the booth across from her, and Sawyer slid in next to me. “I have a problem.” I bit out finally. “I have several.”

“Alright. Then let’s get to it. Tell me, what exactly it is you need?”

“As you probably already know, I have been looking for my Luna for a while now. I have tried several different women over the course of the last few years since I have not been able to find my mate. None have worked out so far, as I am sure you are also aware.”

I paused to make sure the witch was following, and she nodded telling me to continue.

“On my most recent travels, I found a girl, who is different than a lot of the others. She doesn’t speak and she can’t write, so we are having to sort of piece everything together. I know that the people she was living with before me were not kind and definitely more than a little abusive, so we can’t get information from them, and we think they are a large part of the problem.”

“Okay, Alpha Sonnett,” The child looked at me curiously. “That was a great backstory, but tell me what exactly is the problem here?”

I gave her an annoyed look. “This girl I rescued, she has been marked. It appears that she

was marked against her will.”

“And you’re wondering if it can be undone?” She asked.

“Yes.” I breathed, realizing that I was putting a lot of weight on this singular question.

“Well, theoretically, yes, it can be undone. Since it was not a consensual mark, and I assume she did not mark the person back, she should be able to simply formally rejecting

the former marker.”

“Are there any consequences for her rejecting him?” Sawyer asked, speaking up for the first time. I was glad he was my Gamma and her doctor because he could think on both sides of the problems.

“Well, it will probably hurt. If she is still recovering from what has previously been inflicted on her then she might need time to heal first. Her wolf should be able to help her carry the pain though.”

“That’s the other thing,” I said uneasily. “Her wolf is bound. From what my Gamma has told me, it appears to be at least twice.”

Several people entered the diner, as the dinner rush started to come in, and the empty place started to fill.

The witch looked surprised, which made me uneasy, but I kept my face emotionless.

“Her wolf is bound?”

“I just said that, yes.” I growled.

“Well, she would almost positively would not survive the rejection in such a weakened state as you have described.”

I did my best not to show my frustration. This was becoming more complicated by the minute.

“Is there a way to free her wolf?”

The girl drummed her fingers on the table with her thoughts. “It is extremely difficult to do.” She said after a long pause.

“What’s it going to cost me?” I asked through gritted teeth.

She took another long moment before she answered, “3 million dollars, plus accommodations and you provide anything and everything I require.”

“Sawyer, make it happen.” I said after less than moment of thought.

Sawyer looked outraged and surprised that I agreed so readily, but I didn’t need to think.

Grace needed this.

Sawyer sighed, but pulled out his phone and began to make it all happen.

The diner was nearly full, and the music was louder, it felt more like a club than anything.

I rubbed my head tiredly.

“Where is this girl from that she was treated so bad?” The witch, who may or may not be Sandra asked.

“She came from the Red Blood pack.”

Sawyer’s phone dropped to the table with a clang out of the witch’s hand and I looked at her incredulously. “What’s wrong?” Sawyer asked, uneasily.

The witch was frozen. Her eyes were wide with panic in her eyes. During the conversation, I had nearly forgotten she was a 12 or 13 year-old girl, but now she looked every bit one.

“Are you alright?” I asked when she didn’t answer Sawyer, but we could feel the tension building into the uneasy silence... I didn’t like the way she had stopped moving. I didn’t like the way she had responded to the pack name. I didn’t like where this was going.

“I can’t help you.” She said, standing up abruptly.

“What, why?” I asked, but she was already gone disappearing into the crowd.

Chapter 20

I slammed my car door in frustration. I couldn’t believe we had come so close to freeing Grace and her wolf, only to fall short. The witch had to have used magic to conceal her path, but it made me feel like an idiot. How could she have slipped through my grasp so easily? I wasn’t used to being defeated in literally anything and this was by a freaking witch.

"Fuck. That could have gone better." Leon sighed as he climbed into the driver's seat and Sawyer got into the back seat.

"That was a disaster." I grumbled.

"We learned a few things. So, it wasn't a total waste." Leon rationalized.

"And what did I learn?"

"Well, for starters, we learned that this goes a lot deeper than just Grace." Leon answered.

"Yea. Grace is the catalyst." I ran my hair frustratedly through my hair.

"More like you made Grace the catalyst because you removed her from their pack." Sawyer

muttered.

"Explain."

Sawyer raised his hands in defense before continuing, "I'm sorry. I just meant, if you hadn't found her, her pack might not have disappeared. The witch wouldn't have freaked

out because she wouldn't have been called, and we might not have noticed something was

off. But now, we know, and we are actively working to uncover it, so we won't be blindsided anymore."

I knew he was right, but I ran a hand tiredly over my face.

"I also think that the fact that the witch was unwilling to help, should very much alarm us," Leon added. "You are the Alpha King. You should be the scariest thing in this kingdom. If the Red Blood pack has her scared, there's more going on than we realize."

"I need to think. Let's get home and get the team together and we can try and map out what the hell is actually going on and try to strategize from there." I said after a long moment.

Both my Beta and my Gamma agreed, but I knew they were both thinking about what we had just uncovered. As soon as Leon pulled in the driveway, I felt a weird excitement

to go see Grace. I knew I had left her sort of abruptly earlier, but I was hopeful that she hadn't

minded too much.

"Meet in 20 minutes?" Leon asked.

"Yes." I replied. "My office. I want updates from when we were gone. I'm going to go shower."

The darkness barely registered in my mind, but it did just enough to realize that Grace was probably sleeping now, so I chose to shower really quick in a guest room.

I felt refreshed and more awake after the shower. My head felt clearer as I made my way

to my office.

"Anyone come up with anything new?" I asked as I walked into my office.

"No. There are no leads on where Sandra or any other of the witches live. But we only know of about 7 of them and know of should be used loosely. We have heard rumors of is a more accurate description. That girl could have been Sandra, or she could have been another witch. Since we have never actually met her in person, it's hard to be sure exactly

what just happened."

"Magic obviously happened," Sawyer grumbled, unhappily. And I unfortunately agreed with him.

"Okay. Anything weird happen here while we were out?"

Both Leon and Sawyer got quiet and had the nerve to look slightly uncomfortable.

"What happened?" I growled angrily.

Leon swallowed hard, but he met my **eyes**. "I talked to Damien when I got back, as you know he was in charge while we were out..."